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Get thee behind me, Satan, and I'll sit down in your lap.—(Stone Mill)

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Some pleasures cost so far out of proportion to their worth, that it's no wonder Dads and Mothers sometimes say "go easy" to sons away at college.



You know that.

There's one College Pleasure, however, about the cost of which parents seldom complain.

Because it's a pleasure in which they share.

We refer to the popular custom of *telephoning home regularly*.

All you have to do is give the operator your home telephone number, say that you want to *reverse the charge* and let Dad take care of the rest!



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Co-ed (watching love scene in movie): "Why don't you make love to me that way?"

He: "Say, do you know the salary he gets for doing that?"—(Bison)

Woman: "What did you realize on your stock investment?"

He-man: "What a fool I was."—(Wampus)

She: "Am I the first girl that you have ever kissed?"

Frosh: "Now that you mention it, you do look familiar."—(Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket)



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"They say that love is blind."
"Then marriage must be the eyeopener."—(Stone Mill)

"Does your father own a shot-gun?"
"No and yes!"
"Whatyamean?"
"No, if you're the type who holds my hand; yes, if I must hold yours."—(Green Goat)

"Where are you going, daughter?"
"Downstairs to get some water."
"In your nightgown?"
"No, in this pitcher."
(Pointer)

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"No."
"Neither do I."

"Sire, Lady Godiva rides without."
Sire (after glancing without):
"Very tactfully phrased, my man."—(Aggievator)

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"So you were upta Montreal last week, eh?"
"Yeh — that's what I hear."
(Life)

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Mother: "Remember, my dear, some day you'll meet your maker."

Daughter: "Well, he'll have to have something better than a flivver."—(Kitty Cat)

He: "Come on, just one kiss."

She: "I'm not a retailer."—(Cornell Widow)

Daughter: "No, daddy, I won't need any new clothes this spring."

Provider: "Ye gods! I was afraid it would come to that."—(Goblin)

She was a pitcher's daughter, and you couldn't touch her curves.

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First: "Is your girl very dumb?"

Second: "Is she? Why, yesterday I asked her if she liked Keats, and she said no, that they were too much trouble."

(Wasp)

BRIGHTON STREET
Bethlehem, Pa.

"So that's the angle," marked the compass with a terrible swing.—(California Wampus)

My girl is certainly on the square—she's as broad as she is long.—(Columbia Jester)

"My! How alarming!" said the boy as his clock awakened him.—(Hamilton Royal Gaboon)

"What's the dope, boys?"

"Cocaine," was the chorus as they took another shot in the arm.—(Hamilton Royal Gaboon)

Cleo: "You remind me of an eight-sided figure."

Pat: "All which means?"

Cleo: "You octagon home long ago."—(Froth)

No Contest

First Ag.: "Play chess at all?"

Second Ag.: "Played all summer."

First Farmer: "Win much?"

Second Loafer: "Nope; the game was a draw."

(Cornell Widow)

"There's a wedding down at the chapel this A. M."

"Compulsory?"—(Beanpot)

Tragic Cases

A traffic cop trying to tell his wife she can't make a left-hand turn.

The fly that went crazy trying to find his way out of a pretzel.—(Log)

College Humor's MONTHLY BULLETIN



AN All-American magazine for the youth of all America!

In the versatile pages of *College Humor* you will find fiction, sports, styles and the cream of the nation's wit.

This year *College Humor*, with the help of a select group of well known sports judges, has chosen a real All-American team. Leading sports authorities from the four corners of the United States sent in sectional choices to be carefully weighed for All-American possibilities.

In the February issue, one hundred and seventy-six football players receive rightful recognition and honor berths on our All-American and All-Sectional teams.

Once again youth leads the field—and "the magazine with a college education" crosses the line for a touchdown.



TRAVEL DIARIES WANTED

Articles on your travels in Europe, the Orient or our own great Western playground will be acceptable at this time, at our regular rates. Send your manuscripts, with snapshots out of your album of collegiate tours, to the Travel Editor, *College Humor*, 1050 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois. 3,000 words, typed, with return address and postage.

The question that confronts every girl is, whether she wants a career or just one husband.—(Life)

She: "We've been waiting a long time for my mother."

He: "Hours, I should say."

She (rapturously): "Oh, George."
(Rammer Jammer)

"My, grandpa, what a lot of whiskers! Can you spit through them all?"

"Yes, sonny, I can."

"Well, you'd better do it now, 'cause they're on fire from your pipe."—(The Red Cat)

Seen and Heard at House Parties

Pet: "Every time I kiss you, it makes me a better man."

Petter: "Well, you don't have to go to heaven in one night!"

A tourist stopped at a lonely cabin in the Tennessee mountains. He noticed four good-sized holes in the door.

"I don't like to be inquisitive, but what are the four holes in the door for?" he inquired.

"We got four cats," answered the mountaineer.

"But why didn't you have one good-sized hole?"

"—Hell, stranger, when I say 'Scat', I mean 'SCAT'!"

Did you know that the skunk is the holiest of all animals? No? Well, here's the explanation. When a male skunk is pursued by an enemy it gathers all its young ones around it and says, "Children, let us (s)pray!"

Prof.: "Mr. Whippersnapper, what one thing has done more for Ireland than anything else?"

J. W.: "The wheelbarrow, sir."

Prof.: "In what way, son?"

J. W.: "It taught the Irishers to walk on their hind legs."

Merry Ooch says: "There's more than one floated university on land."

"What have you on for to-night?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"Fine — I'll be right over."

Lou: "Yes—go on. What did he do?"

Sue: "Turned out the light."

She: "And do you mean to tell me you laughed in the face of death."

He: "Laugh? I thought I'd die!"

This sad tale has a deep moral:
You, my child, should hark it,
For I either get every laurel,
Or begin work in the stock market!

The particular college man always insists on

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HAFNER MEAT COMPANY

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Sufferer: "I'm leaving this room Saturday. I can't find a clean towel or a piece of soap to wash with."

Landlady: "Well, haven't you got a tongue?"

Sufferer: "Yes, but I'm no cat."—(Goblin)

Judge: "Come now, have you any excuse?"

Motorist: "Well, your honor, my wife fell asleep in the back seat."—(Juggler)

When a girl pulls down her skirt, it means that the interview is ended.

(Somewhere, via the Tiger)

When all
Frivolity
Gives way to
The pursuance of
Forgotten courses
And the burning of
Midnight Oil;
When you begin
To get dark
Rings under your
Eyes, and your
Hair is all
Disheveled,
And you mutter
Dark oaths under
Your breath,
Why Hell's bells
Man,—it's the
EXAMS.

. . . A TOAST

To the collegeman who recognizes
good Shoes—and wears
them.

WETHERHOLD & METZGER

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FAMOUS SHOES

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X-ray Shoe Fitting Service
without extra charge

Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
How do I know?
I'm not telling you.

We Like Red

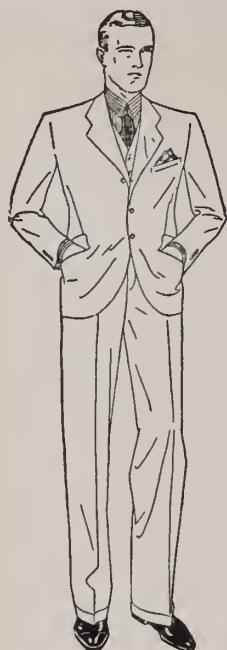
He: "What color is the best
for a June bride?"

Haw: "All a matter of taste.
I'd prefer a white one."

—(Whirlwind)

Mother: "Son, I'm afraid your
father has the heebie jeebees!"

Son (advertisement conscious): "What is that the scientific name for?"



READY

COMPLETE SELECTIONS OF MERCHANDISE, FOR THE AUTUMN AND WINTER OF 1929, ARE NOW ON REVIEW. THE VARIOUS IMPORTANT AND INCIDENTAL FEATURES OF DRESS ADHERE TO THE CHARACTERISTICS OF STYLE AND WORTH ASSOCIATED WITH THE WORK OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT, AND IT IS HOPED THAT UPON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF THE FINCHLEY REPRESENTATIVE TO YOUR COMMUNITY YOU WILL AVAIL YOURSELF OF THE OPPORTUNITY TO ACQUAINT YOURSELF WITH THE VARIOUS ARTICLES PRESENTED.

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"FORBUSH — SMITH"
"FOOT-JOY"

BROAD AND NEW — BETHLEHEM

PATRONIZE THE

SUPPLY
BUREAU

Newlyweds

He: "Who spilled mustard on this waffle, dear?"

She: "O, John! How could you? This is lemon pie."

(Buffalo Bison)

—
"Say, he certainly has a swollen head."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, he had a birthday, and sent a telegram of congratulations to his mother."

(Geo. Washington Ghost)

—
"And, by the way," added Polonius to Laertes, "don't give yourself too many heirs."

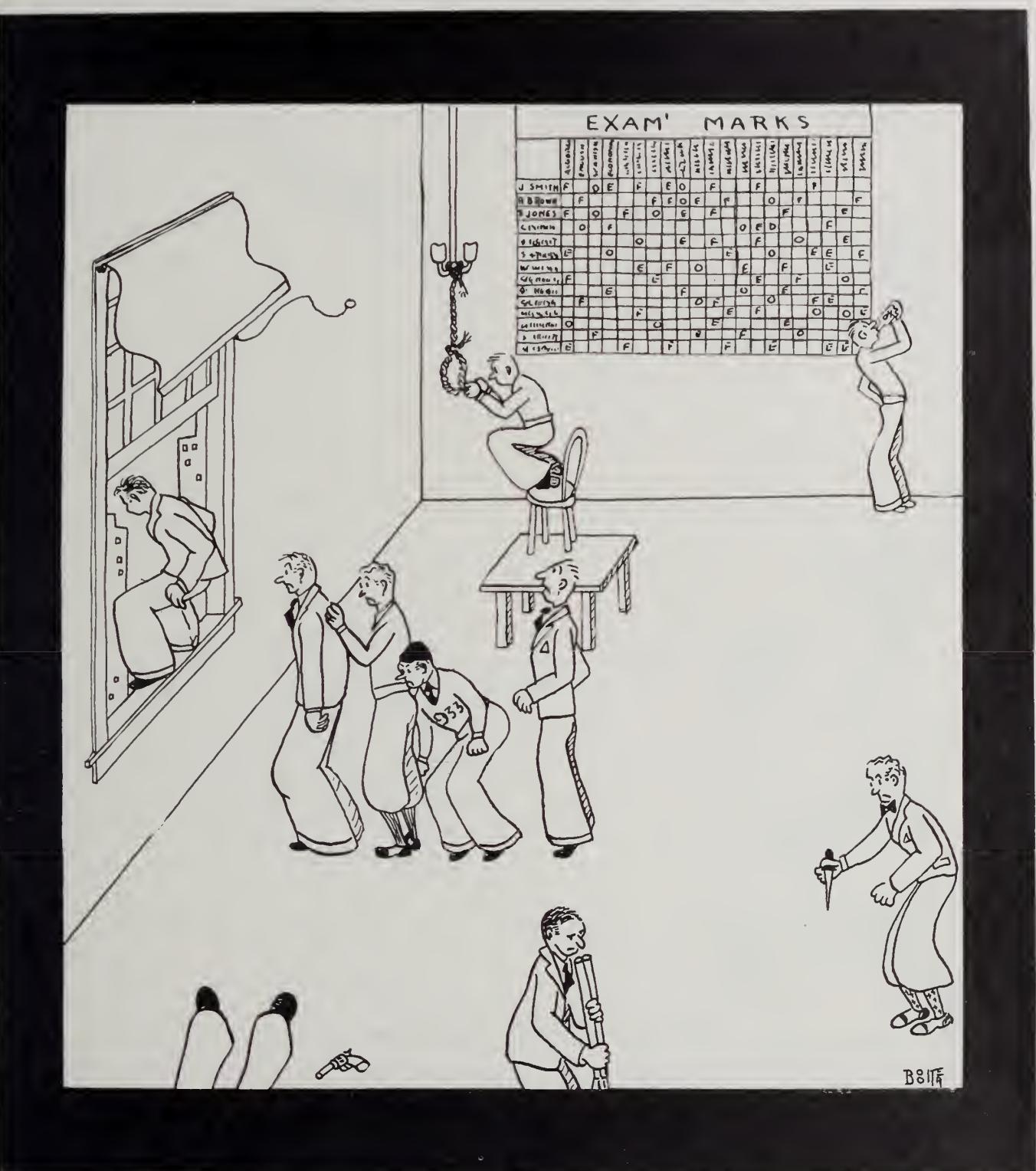
(Lord Jeff)

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LEHIGH BURR

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Exclusive reprint rights granted to *CollegeHumor* magazine.
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GLOOM—

And into the valley of the shadow of death shuffled the tortured student body to wage war with their gloating superiors, the fiendish faculty who watch in silent glee as their prisoners march one by one to the sacrifice on the eternal altar of damnable education. For the semi-annual classic of the ages is again with us and we are stricken with dismay as we wearily plod on and on down into the black depths of ignorance seeking a little ray of hope to clutch in our last despairing attempt to avoid the outcome. For we are the brood of Folly without father bred, just roamin' around in search of the proverbial wine, women, and song, or, to be more explicit, good gin, hot quiff, and muted trumpets; and when we are suddenly confronted with Melancholy and Wisdom marching along in their learned robes of black, we know not where to turn lest we be caught in the net of the waiting faculty. Our wine turns to

black coffee. Our women change to meaningless textbooks filled with figures far different from the superb figures to which we have become accustomed. And our song changes from one of raucous jazz-mad revelry to one of long wailing moans, for we're sobbing the weary blues. Struggling on through the black of night, wasting thousands of barrels of midnight oil, consuming cigarettes by the carload and, incidentally, taking a chance on the cough, pursuing the words of some old fogey that probably never even heard of Ted Lewis, Duke Ellington, George White, Irving Berlin, or Will Rogers, wondering what that old fogey is talking about and why, walking around in a continual fog,—what's the use—you finish the sentence. But are we down-hearted? Hell, yes!

RAMBLING—

The reason for this editorial is not to make the ones who

feel gloomy and down in the mouth gloomier and down to the pit, but to magnify for the lucky ones how lucky they are not to be feeling glum with the majority. There, if you can understand that you may consider yourself complimented, for we don't pretend to fathom what it's all about.

But it's all over now, and all this tommy-rot about the grinding and gnashing of teeth is a lot of hooey—we have proved it, but don't ask us how. A few familiar faces we have been accustomed to greeting on the campus have disappeared—and it is rather possible that a good many we didn't know have left at the crossroads. It's a nauseating ordeal this task of saying good-bye to some of our buddies, and at times one wonders how a human being (which is being doubted) can be so stone-hearted, but that's a professor's make-up, so why try and hide under false pretenses.

Don't get impatient waiting for next month's number, "The Police Gazette," and don't forget it either. Read about Superintendent Fred Trafford's night raids, his exciting experiences, the nauseating sights—it will all be in next month's Burr. A 100% all written production.



Pa-Pa: "Did you have any trouble passing your exams, son?"

Sonny Boy: "No, dear father, I passed them with E's!"

The Smiths were giving a dinner, and plates were scarce so that every plate in the house was used. Everything went well until Rover, the dog, walked in, stood beside one of the visitors and started to bark.

"Why is he barking at me?" asked the surprised guest.

"'Cause you are eating off his plate," spoke up small Johnny.

Now, Bernardinus, be a good little boy and stop throwing spitballs long enough to explain to the class the difference between a stoic and a cynic.

Sure ticher, dat's easy — de stoic is de boid wot brings de baby, and de cynic is where you wash it at.

He: "What is a relay race?"

She: "A rooster running after a hen."

(Buccaneer)

Teacher: "Johnny, use the word 'paralysis' in a sentence."

Johnny: "Alice and I were in swimming. While we were swimming, someone stole my trousers, so I had to borrow a paralysis."

DID'JA EVER

Did'ja ever
Get a lucky break
For once in your life
On an exam schedule,
An' your tests
Were all done
In four days,
So ya could have
A week
In the metropolis,
An' ya made arrangements,
An' bought your train tickets,
An' reserved a seat
For one of the
Best Broadway hits,
An' ya bought a derb
An' knocked yourself down
For a swell \$10 cane,
An' ya even fixed hotel reservations;
But at the last minute
You found
That you didn't exempt M. S. & T. after all,
An' the test came
In the middle of the week.
Did'ja ever?

BETHLEHEM

O little star of Bethlehem!
How you can shine to-night;
The police have cleaned you up again
And set you out aright.

At last 'tis safe for Lehigh men
To walk your streets at night,
And not be whisked right off their feet
By lustful, impure sight.

And now we walk with safety
Down those lovely Bethlehem streets,
And not our healthy nostrils corrode
With unwholesome liquor feats.

But this is good, at least, just now,
And we should not condemn it;
We hope the town becomes wide open
As soon's exams permit it.

A little darky became a regular visitor to the Public Library, and the attendant noticed that he always took the same book out of the rack, opened it eagerly at the same place, then proceed to laugh heartily.

This aroused the attendant's curiosity; so one day he glanced over the boy's shoulder when he opened the book. It was a picture of a little pick-aninny being chased by a snorting bull. The attendant was about to ask what there was to laugh at when the boy remarked, "Golly, 'e ain't caught dat niggah yet!"

What with Fred Trafford being appointed chief of police and exams coming around; we rather imagine that George will have the Maennerchor all to himself until the students start drowning their sorrows.

He: "I've never seen such dreamy eyes."

Her: "That's because you never stayed so late before."—(Orange Peel)



"Wotya doin'?"
"I'm writing a book."
"What a novel idea!"

DOPY' DILLDULL'S DICTIONARY

- flagrant — sweet smelling.
- fleece — cooties.
- Flemish — full of mucous.
- flesh — a streak, as of light.
- fleur — bottom of a room.
- flour — ground wheat.
- flowery — flour mill.
- flue — past tense of fly.
- fodder — male parent.
- fog — slang for cigarette.
- fogy — in a fog.
- follow — a guy.
- foment — what yeast does.
- fool — satiated, filled.
- foot — something to eat.
- foray — covered with fur.
- fore — number between three and five.
- form — suds on top of beer.
- former — one who tills the soil.
- foster — quicker, more rapidly.
- foul — chickens, poultry.
- frail — a woman, ginch.
- fret — a college living group.
- frigate — cold, not temperate.
- fuel — an idiot.
- fund — loving, affectionate.

In Lehigh's annals there's a name,
Come down through time undimmed in fame,
Known alike to verse and song,
Greater far than Dean McConn.

You'll never find it writ in glory,
Over stadium or laboratory,
But in every loyal Lehigh heart
It occupies the greater part.

And when there's a Lehigh get-to-gether,
Though it be in fair or stormy weather,
You'll hear their anthem ringing clear,—
All Hail! All Hail! Our God, King Beer!

Wife: "When a man starts to talk, he never stops to think."

Husband: "Yes, and when a woman starts to talk, she never thinks to stop."

BUZZ - SAW

What Love Will Do

By LOUIS M. BLOOM

This story is all wrong, to begin with. The hero isn't handsome, the heroine isn't beautiful, and the love element is preposterous. They say, though, that truth is stranger than fiction, and many a true word is spoken in jest; that's just why this story is all wrong. Anyway, the story might have happened—you don't know.

It all took place in a small university somewhat like Lehigh; in fact it was Lehigh. The hero's name was Joe, and the disturbing factor was Josephine, and the time was drawing near exams. And Joe, being by nature rather lazy and prone to procrastinate (which isn't as bad as it sounds), was feverishly wending his way to the Library. He muttered curses at all instructors, and especially at those who assigned 3000-word essays to be turned in one week before exams, and after three minutes' steady swearing, smiled with the clear conscience of one who has done an exacting job well; for Joe was a master in the blue-streak line, and painted the prettiest picture of Hell that ever I heard—and that is painting a couple.

He finally got to the Library without being struck by a bolt from the blue (which proves a certain theory of mine, by the way), and made straight for the desk of the ordinarily cold goddess who presided at the time over the books. She had a reputation; it was said that no man had ever succeeded in getting any help from the brilliant babe, and therein lies a tale. You see, or will very soon, Joe had a plan whereby he could enlist her help, get her to virtually write his essay for him, and still keep her conscience clear. (Never give a girl an uneasy conscience, and don't play tag with a pile-driver.) Of course, Josephine didn't know that she was about to do lots of things for Joe, but you don't either, so don't feel so all-wise.

But to continue—Joe had planned to impress her as being so hopelessly dumb that she'd never suspect him of enough brains to attempt to get something for nothing, and if his plan worked, she was due to write an essay for him before

she realized it. And he was now about to make the first strategic move in his dastardly (oooh!) campaign.

Sliding up to the desk and doing wonders with an ordinarily intelligent face, he appeared the picture of bashful moronism, and asked, "Could you please help me out please, Miss Uh? I'm in an awful quarry an' don't know what to do!"

"I am Miss Grenville, not Uh, and you mean 'quandary,'" was the gratifying result of his first efforts. And so, because the goddess had a spark of compassion in her makeup, and the merest trace of lipstick, she fell for Joe's line. In fact, she fell so hard that she laughed (actually!) at him a few times during the afternoon, and when he left her little kingdom, 500 words had been dictated to him.

It was grand, this dumb pose, Joe decided, and the next afternoon he spent his time at the Library—and the next—and the next after that—and the next. And all was well, until he tried to go too far; he asked Josephine to type his essay for him. "It's thisaway," he explained, "I feel awful torrid this afternoon; last nite we were up pretty late paddling the pledges up to the house—broke all the paddles and had to use barrel knaves—and if I don't have this essay turned in to-morrow by noon, I'll flunk the course, and if I flunk anything I'll go out on my—uh—



Sliding up to her desk he did wonders with an ordinary intelligent face.

neck, and if I do that my people will think I'm a Mormon—huh? Sure, a Mormon; you know—a guy without many brains!" "Moron, you mean," corrected Josephine sweetly, or if you prefer, Josephine Grenville. But Joe, his eyes so innocent, and his face so dumb, said, "I thought they were Marmons. Like the Marmons of Utah and the Fords of Detroit. Well, anyway, if this essay isn't in, I'll go out, and I dowanna. This school has a hold on me; it's my Elmo Matter, an' I love it!" And once more, he smiled with the clear conscience of one who has done an exacting job well. He knew she'd type his essay for him, just by the look she bestowed on him. And so she did. The story would ordinarily have ended here, but there is a slight epilogue to it.

Joe flunked his essay. The story might also have ended here, too, but there's still more to be told, and from now on it's the same old story of love.

When he ran to Josephine in horror at finding his mark, she smiled calmly and nodded her head, as if confirming some inner suspicion. But after a while, Joe made the supreme mistake of his life—he let loose one of his prettiest pictures of Hell for her, and then invited her to sit in the picture and complete it. For Joe was griped, and naturally, too, for upon examination of his essay, he had found that it wasn't even on the subject assigned to him. (I'd be griped at a girl who did that to me, I guess, and so would you.) But the part that rankled was that he didn't remem-

ber anything that he had copied in the Library under his goddess's guidance; and he realized that even if she had not looked like Diana or Venus or Dolores Costello at that moment when he swore, he probably would have kissed her anyway, because he was in love, and had been since the first day she treated him so kindly.

But that's neither here nor there; when Joe kissed Josephine after first inviting her places, no man should invite anyone (one doesn't go there by invitation, you know); she pushed him backwards into a filing cabinet; he bumped his head on Ger-to Gri-and fell to the floor. Poor Joe; I often wonder how he's enjoying himself where he is now. Most likely he doesn't mind it at all. All of which makes necessary another epilogue.

When Joe came to, that day in the Library, he never had a chance. Josephine was sobbing, and her tears dripped onto his face, looking up from her lap where the rest of his head was resting. Oh well, such is life! Just yesterday I read that a boy was born to Mrs. Joseph Smith, nee Grenville, on Saturday. The article ended by saying that the child will be named Jojo.

I warned you that this story was all wrong; maybe you'll believe me next time. But if it was the truth—the story, I mean—wouldn't it prove that truth is stranger than fiction? As Mohamed said, he who kisseth a buzz-saw gathers no moss.

(Finis)

Judge (to defendant): "And what were you doing around the chicken-coop at two o'clock in the morning?"

Defendant: "Ah'se was jest circulatin' a-round, sir."

Judge (to Clerk): "Write this down: 'December 30, 1929. Mose Washington withdrawn from circulation for sixty days."

He: "What very pretty pansies!"

She: "Sir!"—(Wampus)

Joe also claims his girl told him that the reason women didn't have good sense was because the Lord made them to mate with men.

"Well, Abie, how are you getting along?"

"All right, but the noises around this hospital are fierce."

"Lots of noises, huh?"

"Sure, I got two day noises and a night noise, and all homely."

Item from newspaper: "Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where they make iron and steal for a living."

De trouble wid you, boy, is dat you is illiterate.

Be careful who you say dat at, guy. My mother was married two years before I was born.

I want to go and tear up the town,
 I want to rip Bethlehem up and down;
 I want to rest my foot on a rail,
 I want to get drunk and land in jail;
 I want to get tight and get in a fight,
 I want to do the town up right;
 I want to get in all sorts of jams,
 And why not? To-morrow's exams!

1933: "They can't burn you up for cribbing in
 an exam, can they?"

1932: "Wodyamean, burn you up?"

1933: "Well, there's a notice posted that says,
 'Anyone caught cheating in an examination will
 be dropped from the register'."

There was a young student at school
 Who thought, "I will not be a fool.
 Why study this stuff?
 I'll just throw a big bluff."
 Yes, there was a young student at school.

WANTED: A Murad.

Imagine the embarrassment of the Podunk Center newsboy, who opened the wrong door in the depot waiting-room and yelled, "EXTRA! PAPER!"

Damon: "Met a hot babe in New York while I
 was home."

Pithy Ass: "Jamaica?"

Damon: "Sure. Two dates was all I needed."

Slim: "What do you call a man who runs an
 auto, Jim?"

Jim: "All depends on how close he comes."
 (Widow)

We understand that Fred will not allow the patrolmen to address anyone without a proper introduction. No more undue familiarity.



"I feel tired. I've been getting along on only two hours of sleep a day."

"Only two hours a day? How can you manage?"

"I take the rest at night." —(Medley)

NICE MAN

'Twas the night after,
 When all through the house,
 Not a creature was stirring,
 Not even her spouse,
 When in walks the ice man,
 Handsome and tall,
 And he delivered ice,
 And that wasn't all.
 Yes, he delivered ice,
 That to be sure,
 And anything on ice
 Is supposed to be pure.
 Now he wasn't so pure,
 Nor was he so poor,
 For, by the glint in his eye
 He had something in store.
 He reached in his pants
 And pulled out a wad;
 She clasped her hands in horror
 And murmured, "Oh god!"
 He took an impulsive step forward
 And growled, "You will!"
 "Ma'am, last month's ice bill."

THE PROPOSAL

"Come on now, Pop. It's eight o'clock an' Hiram'll soon be here to see Mirandy."

"Ach well! I'm a-comin'! We'll go in the settin'-room, ain't?"

Just then there came a timid knock at the kitchen door which caused Mom and Pop to make a hurried retreat. Blushing, Mirandy admitted Hiram Schwartzenheimer, her beau, who was accustomed to settin' up with Mirandy on Saturday night.

Hiram, a big awkward-looking, self-conscious boy, whose yellow shoes shined like a mirror and squeaked like a mouse whenever he walked, and whose "store" clothes fit him as well as if they would have been draped on a broomstick scarecrow, dropped into the nearest chair. Mirandy, nearly as embarrassed as he was, gave vent to her emotions by vigorously slicing apples for "snitz" on the other side of the room.

"It's a nice evening already, ain't now?" began Hiram.

"Yes, anyhow," agreed Mirandy.

"Say, Mirandy, I want to ast you sompin' onet."

"Well," answered she, a bit eagerly, "ain't that nice!"

"Yes—it's awful warm this evenin' ain't?" said Hiram, wiping his brow with a large red bandana handkerchief.

"Wonderful warm," rejoined Mirandy.

"Mirandy, would you—er—I got a new horse an' buggy off of the blacksmith."

"Do tell! Ain't that nice now!"

"Yes, ain't!"

A long pause ensues during which Mirandy seems intent upon her snitz, and Hiram is desperately embarrassed in an attempt to say the words of his heart.

"Do you mind of Jake Himmelbacher, Mirandy?"

"Why yes, I mind of him already."

"He and Lizzie Dutzonhoffer were married already last week."

"Well, ain't that wonderful!"

Another pause follows, one of painful silence since both feel the question that is between them.

"Well, I must be goin' already," finally sighed Hiram, disgusted because of his failure.

But before Mirandy could rise to escort him to the door he had somehow covered the distance between his chair and hers and was incoherently stammering, "Mirandy, we'll get married too, ain't?"

And Mirandy, looking more like a red-beet than a Pennsylvania Dutch maiden, replied, "Oh, won't that be nice, onet!"

Prof.: "Smith, give an example that proves that evolution is a great thing."

Smith: "Well, in Egypt in the olden days camels used to carry women. Now, everywhere women are carrying Camels."

"Darling," he cried, covering her with kisses, "can't you see that I love you?"

"Well," she said, "I should hate to think that this was just your way of behaving in company."



"It must be a lot of trouble weeding that garden."

"Yep, it takes plenty of pluck."



"What's all this necking I hear about?"
 "Well, you see, it's this way—."
 (Green Goat)

WE THINK SO

How much did Philadelphia Pa.
 How much does Cleveland O.
 How many eggs could New Orleans La.
 Whose grass did Joplin Mo.
 What was it made Springfield Ill.
 'Twas Washington D. C.
 She would Tacoma Wash. in spite
 Of a Baltimore MD.
 You call Minneapolis Minn.,
 Why not Annapolis Ann?
 If you can't tell the reason why,
 I bet Topeka Kan.
 Who was it lent Nashville Tenn.,
 When he was nearly broke?
 Could Noah build a Little Rock Ark.,
 If he had no Guthrie Ok.
 Would Denver Colo. cop because
 Ottumwa Ia. dore?
 For though my Portland Me. did love,
 I threw my Portland Ore.

A RADIO RECEIPT

One morning a housewife asked her husband to copy the radio luncheon receipt. He did his best, but two stations were coming through on the same wave-length; so this is what he got:

"With hands on hips, place one cupful of flour on shoulders, raise knees and press toes. Wash thoroughly in one-half cupful of milk. In four counts raise both legs and mash two hard-boiled eggs in a sieve. Repeat six times. Inhale one teaspoonful of baking powder, and one cupful of flour, breathe through the nose.

"Exhale and sift. Attention, jump to a stride, stand, and bend the white of an egg backward and forward over head and in four counts make a stiff dough that will stretch at the rise. Lie flat on the floor—roll into a marble the size of a walnut. Hop backward and forward in boiling water, but do not boil into a stationary run afterwards. In ten minutes remove from the fire and dry with a towel. Breathe deeply, put on a bathrobe, and serve with fish soup.

Jeweler: "What do you mean, breakfast watch?"

Customer: "Waterproof watch, so I won't have to take it off every morning when I dip my doughnuts in coffee."

She: "Why is it that you never see a picture of a man with a beard in heaven?"

He: "Sweetheart, man just makes heaven by a close shave."

"You dog of a printer," cried the enraged poet, "you have not punctuated my poem at all!"

"Yes, but you see, sir, I am not a pointer; I'm a setter," replied the printer.

Small Brother: "I just saw you kiss my sister."

Young Man: "Here. Keep still. Put this half-dollar in your pocket."

Small Brother: "Here's a quarter change. One price to all—that's the way I do business."

OVER BOARD

When a Hero Is Not a Hero

By TEX ACKERMANN

Jack Fox and Bob Dawson were mutual holders of an intense hatred for one another which was born of their intense rivalry for the favor of Betty Newton. They vied with one another in all things, whether petty or great, when her attention was focussed on them. Betty, conscious of the hatred was amused, and not a whit alarmed, for both were honorable young men. She favored neither, being quite undecided. "Both of you are really nice to me," she would say. And there you have the perfect situation.

Jack was my big star of the Lumber University football team, and that boy could do things on the flowery gridiron that would make Knute Rockne blush with shame. Jack was handsome, and folks, I mean handsome. He looked like a combination of Rudy Vallee, Adolph Menjou, Buddy Rogers, Ramon Navarro, and Apollo. Now, dear readers, when a man has those qualities how can any woman remain at home? But to climax the whole thing, our friend Bob Dawson was no wall-flower. He had all Jack possessed, except the curly hair.

Now Betty, well, if there were several thousand more words in the dictionary that could be used in describing a peppy, beautiful girl, I might be able to give you a minute account of this co-ed's essence of pulchritude. Boy, the smelling salts, them are fifteen-dollar words. One thing Betty could do, subscribers, was wear clothes. For instance, instead of being the usual loud guffaw in a hiking costume, I hope to tell you she was a knockout—a thing as rare as a senator forgetting his bootlegger's telephone number—and you know it.

While you're getting back your senses from this consignment of ullbay in mass formation, my little cherries, let me introduce myself and then I'll explain the inner workings of the final night at the yacht club. I am the coach of the Lumber U. team and answer to the pleasant name of (Handsome) Carl Svenson. And with that I dismiss myself, for I will baffle the guy what first baffled description.

Well, one night, returning from a meeting of

coaches, I was at the wheel of a big mechanical conveyance—my year in college wasn't wasted, hey?—one of my fine athletes was beside me and asked if I had heard of the incident at the yacht club. I hadn't, but this bozo, not knowing such, proceeded to enlighten me. And what a description that boy did paint!

I hadn't known a thing about this little gang war between my two youthful editions of speed and wisdom on the gridiron. It seems, it was the end of the season and a gala day for the yacht club. Election of club officers had been made and celebrations were in order. And, old rounders, when I say celebrations I mean nothing else but. There was enough liquor consumed to float the Leviathan, and to fill all the cigarette-lighters in the eastern United States. On board the past president's boat a neat little dance was in progress. My two stars, Jack and Bob, and Betty, were the principle whoopee-makers.

The after-deck was brilliantly decorated with vari-colored Japanese lanterns; gay bunting streamed in artistic confusion from the awning-poles, influenced by the invigorating and sobering sea breezes. Jack had been fortunate in securing Betty for the function, and contrived to monopolize most of her time. On the other hand, Bob Dawson was in his worst mood. He had been nosed out by a single vote for treasurer of the club by an "insignificant" candidate. His temper furthermore was not sweetened by Jack's chuckling comment that "my vote did it."

Now, normally Bob was a fine chap, but tonight, when his spirits were so depressed, and his hopes for recognition so dampened; all his secondary self was triumphant. He sulked; scowling, hands in pockets and legs sprawled, at the graceful comportment of Jack and Betty as they glided by to the tune of his favorite waltz.

He arose suddenly and plodded moodily up ship to a position near the bows, where he stood absently watching the tiny eddys about the anchor chain. He had been standing like this for a few moments when a gay group approached him. Undesirous of company, he slunk further into the hatchway's gloom, and his presence

went unnoticed. He casually noticed the giggling, happy, young ladies; picking out acquaintances. Yes, Anne was there, and Mae, Vera and others whom he recognized; but turning his attention to the other girl, he was puzzled as to her identity. Then recognition dawned—and he gazed respectfully at the husky maiden.

Then, incidents tramped rapidly on one another's heels. A sudden thoughtless motion by one of the frolicking girls tilted the deck-chair of the stranger and eased her through a gap in the railing into the moonlit waters. A quick thought and Bob was bolting for the after-deck before the surprised girls could scream. Feigning a frenzy, he startled the dancers (incidentally near Jack and Betty) and yelled, "Girl went overboard—port side!"

Then, turning immediately to Jack he chattered, "Dive—she's drowning!"

Jack Fox disliked swimming thoroughly, only learning as a requisite to admission to the club, but his manhood did not question the necessity for quick action, and with a motion had swept off his coat and was overboard.

Rising, he tread water, looking for the supposedly drowning girl. Queer, thought he, that she makes no noise. Then, perceiving a head silhouetted against the moon not twenty feet away, he clumsily made for it. He had not gone far when a cheery halloo came from the water seeming to voice not fear, but impatience, and the head seemed to be laid against the water while arms artfully working brought the "drowning" miss to the hastily-lowered boat. He amazingly followed.

A moment later, both stood dripping on the deck, while everyone was laughing at him unreservedly. Why on earth, he wondered stupidly, and then—blood of an onion! he saw the "drowning" girl's face! It was the face of the state champion for endurance swimming! She was smiling! Betty was smiling! Everyone was hilarious.

"Oh My He-ero!" sang out someone, with mock dramatization, and the merriment redoubled.

Poor Jack! Dripping, shame-faced and angry, he strode forward, gripping the grinning Dawson by the collar and seat of his trousers and forging his way to the rail, dropped him gently over, grimly dusting his hands as a topping insult.

The company laughed again, and the swimmer approached Jack.

"Your action was that of a man—I appreciate it," she said, offering him her hand.

The crowd, realizing the importance of the action, applauded. Jack shook the hand, stuttered something and rushed forward after Betty who had quietly left the scene. He was filled with misgivings and said, "Betty, it was a mean trick."

"I know," came the answer, "but as Miss as Miss _____ said, 'I appreciate it'. It was spontaneous and noble."

Some time later a couple were seated at a solitary position on deck, whispering gently. He was swaddled in blankets and she was snuggled close to—the blankets! The last waltz was being played, and the thoughts of the man might have been—well, he could not have uttered them if he wished 'cause what can a man do when two lips are up against his.

COMING EVENTS

- February 1—Chicago mat squad tackles the Brown and White.**
- February 3—Back to another semester's grind.**
- February 7—Basketball game with W. and J.**
- February 12—Lafayette grapplers take a beating.**
- February 12—Basketball game with St. Johns.**
- February 15—Basketball game with Navy.**

JANUARY 23, 1930

JOHN W. SMITH

THE SENIOR'S FINAL EXAMINATION PAPER IN ACCOUNTING



MOPEY JOE SAYS — "I call my girl 'Taxi Cab' because it costs so much to get anywhere."

When a girl won't accept a guy until she's looked up his financial rating, that's the asset test.

Broke: "They say that opposites make the best wives."

Broker: "Yes, that's why I want to find a rich wife."

He: "I have a cold in my eye this morning."

hE: "There must have been an awful draft coming through those keyholes last night."

Gather 'round, all you little cousins, and your check-book is gonna tell you all about his expensive travels. Lorddy, how that South Sea liquor does burn one's eyes! Shut up, Clarence! I didn't say a thing about shredded wheat. No, I won't sing any songs that I heard in Paris. You brats are too old for such silly things. Algernon, take the gin-bottle away from baby, she's liable to lose her teeth. Yes, I was standing on the corner and saw the whole thing. A trolley-car came around the corner with the east end going west, and Mrs. Murphy was standing on the platform. All of a sudden she let out an Indian scalping song and dove into the air. She took fifteen somersaults and landed in the gutter. Get up, you drunk, and let the water roll by. Well, about five o'clock in the morning the milkman came around to collect the bread and deliver the life insurance. No, that scar isn't where her husband hit me with the radio. Oh! do those French dames give a Yankee a break! But let me tell you about the time your Aunt Nora took a chance on a fur coat and won first prize for being the best tango dancer. Dear me, that corn does make one's teeth chatter!

Oh, the Lord made the Irish,
And the devil made the Dutch,
But when the Lord made Bethlehem
He didn't make much.

Who cares where I learned to write poetry. I'm a good boot-legger, and you kids oughta be proud of the fact. Boys and girls, my giggle-soup makes the old young, the young handsome, and makes a companionate husband forget his wife's telephone number. Shut up, you saucy brat! It's none of your business where I learned about life. But I learned about women from her—from her—from her—from her old lady. Now go to bed and don't dream of the fancy dress ball.

Smith: "My watch has two movements."

Jones: "Yes?"

Smith: "To and from the pawn shop."

Dumb? Say, he's so dumb that he went to a furniture store for a crib for a tough exam.

Her: "Where were you all last week?"
 Him: "I had a total eclipse."
 Her: "What do you mean eclipse?"
 Him: "Too much moon."

Hot: "Say, old boy, do you think you'll have much trouble in popping the question?"

Shot: "I rather think I'll have more trouble in questioning the pop."

Comely Young Female Real Estate Agent:
 "Could I interest you in a nice little home?"

Lehigh Man: "Lady, you could interest me anywhere."

"For years I've been striving desperately to get ahead in this world."

"Yeah — you certainly could use one."

Electrician: "I'll be up to-day to look at the Frigidaire again."

Husband: "Say, did it ever dawn on you that I got a Frigidaire to get rid of the ice-man?"



Salt: "Pete, what's the meaning of omnipotent?"
 Peter: "Too many raw eggs."



"Mussolini is cleaning up Italy."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh, his black shirts are white wings now."

OH, WHAT BEER!

There was a young man at Lehigh
 Who thought he was ready to die;
 Though his eyes filled with tears,
 He put down twenty beers,—
 That made the boy's spirits quite high.

He went out in the streets of the city,
 On his lips was a terrible ditty;
 Smeared a cop on the mug,
 And got thrown in the jug,—
 Hence got bounced out of school, what a pity.

He faced both his parents without fear,
 With his lengthiest utt'rance a sneer;
 His dad caved in his head,
 Bent him up just like lead,—
 And he died with the words, "Oh what beer."

Two students were uncertainly flivvering their way home.

"Bill," said Henry, "I wancha be ver careful.
 Firs' thing ya know you'll have us in a ditch."

"Me?" said Bill, astonished and badly shaken up. "Why, I thought you was driving."

First Chorine: "What results are you getting from that diet?"

Second Gold-digger: "Well, things are beginning to shape up."

Wise Guy: "Er—do you pet?"

Wise Girl: "Indeed I do—animals."

Wise Guy: "Let's go—I'm the goat!"

Joe Mope says, somebody told him a college education is supposed to fit you for a position—not entitle you to one.

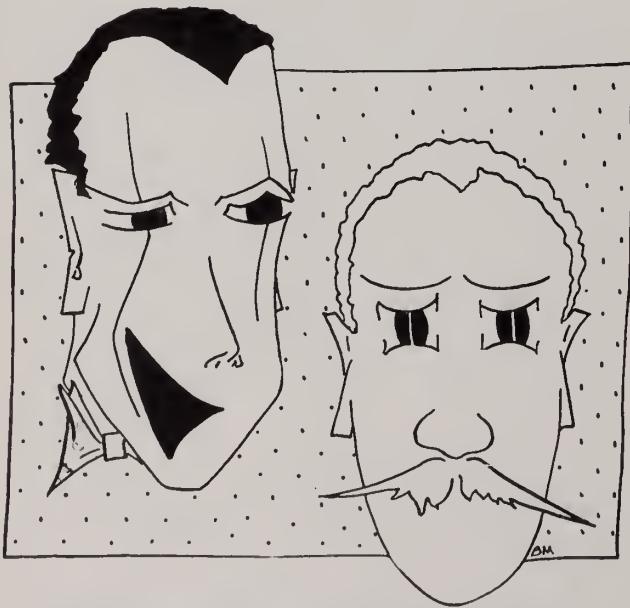
Pessimists think all women immoral. Optimists hope so.

She: "How do you like my new dress?"

He: "It's nice, but it's a little short, don't you think?"

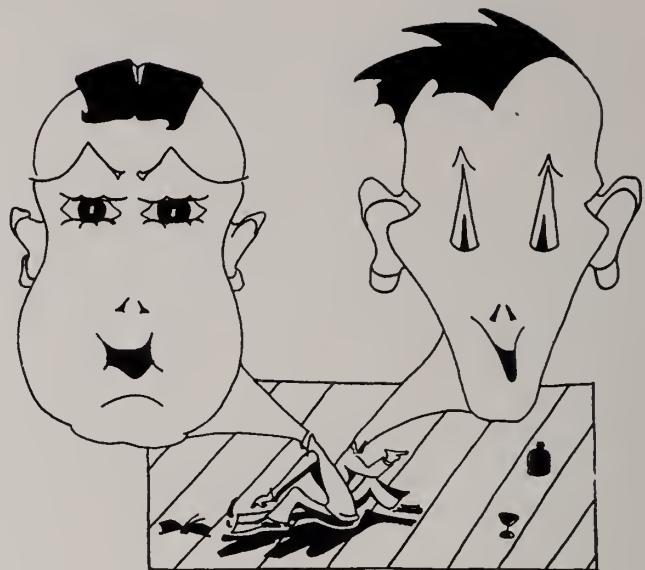
She: "Oh, no; I don't like those long dresses. They pick up so many germs and things."

He: "You'd be surprised some of the things the short ones pick up."—(The Pug)



Boot: "Was that ginger ale C. O. D.?"

Leg: "Of course not, silly; all ginger ale is charged."—(The Black and Blue Jay)



WE WANT TO KNOW

If the person who was overwhelmed with the flood of expectation ever recovered himself.

If the body of the man who was drowned in a sea of troubles was ever found.

The length of the rod of instruction.

How many acres there are in the field of fame.

If the man who was thrown out of employment received any broken bones.

If the lady who held her breath is still holding it.

If the tongue of a wagon ever spoke.

If the eye of a needle can see.

If an ear of corn can hear.

If a rooster's crow can fly.

If water flows from a bed-spring.

Does the kernel of a nut command a regiment.

If the snow was packed when Samson went out slaying.

If men could fight a duel with blades of grass.

If the man who was bent on mischief ever straightened himself.

How many knots an hour can a parson tie.

The difference between minding the train and training the mind.

Whether the lion of a party has anything to do with the dandelion.

Whether a funeral carriage is an inky-bus.

Whether one is (h)auited who is visited daily by his mother's sister.

What the hell this is all about.

ON THE SCREEN

"The Laughing Lady"

Ruth Chatterton, who will be remembered for her wonderful work in "Madame X", has again given the movie-world a great masterpiece. Clive Brook accompanies her as he always accompanies on the screen—marvelously.

The story is based on the strength and harmfulness of newspaper scandal, and keeps you interested, amused, and tense.

It is talkies like this that will hurt the dramatized productions on the stage. One of the best of 1929.

"New York Lights"

And now we have Norma Talmadge on the talking screen. I think I liked her better in the silence pictures, but then this is her first try at the new art.

The plot isn't much; about New York middle-class life in which love wins out.

Not bad for an evening when you do not have anything to do but waste time.

"The Sacred Flame"

The talkies are responsible for another excellent picture, "The Sacred Flame." The selected cast includes such favorites as Pauline Frederick, Conrad Nagel, Alec B. Francis, and Dale Fuller.

Col. Maurice Taylor, Conrad Nagel, becomes an invalid on his wedding day. They live happily for three years, about which time his brother, Colin, comes home. Colin and the wife become lovers, and Maurice mysteriously dies. It is a beautiful picture, and may touch you.

See it!

"The Bishop Murder Case"

Probably the best version of S. S. Van Dine's mystery plays ever put on the screen. A 100% all-talking picture. See it and don't tell your friends who the Bishop turns out to be.

A Boy's Essay on Girls

Girls is a queer kind of varmint. Girls is the only thing that has their own way every time. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand other girls if she wants you to do anything. Girls is all alike one way, they are all like cats. If you rub 'em the right way of the hair, they'll purr and look sweet at you, but if you rub 'em the wrong way, they'll claw at you. S'long you let a girl have her own way, she's nice and sweet, but just cross her and she'll spit at you worse 'n a cat. Girls is also like mules, they're headstrong. If a girl don't want to believe anything, you can't make her. If she knows it's so, she won't say so. Girls, if they are good when they are young, and if they ain't good then, nor when they get big, they're vixens,—that's what "pop" called "mom" once when she chased him arqnd the kitchen with a red-hot poker 'cause she was mad at him. Brother Joe says he don't like big girls, but he does like little ones, and when I saw him kissing Jennie Jones last Saturday and told him what he'd said, he said he was biting her 'cause he didn't like her. I think he hurt her, for she hollered and run and there was a big red spot over both of her cheeks. This is all I know about girls, and "pop" says the less I know about them, the better off I am.



"I wonder why Alice always gives me the same old stall."

"Probably because you're the same old jackall."—(Wampus)

EXCHANGES

Judge (to convicted burglar): "Have you anything to say before the sentence is passed?"

Burglar: "The only thing I'm kicking about is bein' identified by a man that kept his head under the bed-clothes the whole time!"

(Orange Owl)

With all this furore about the stock market, we feel that our readers should at least know the facts about the leading corporations. We are printing here our definitions:

Lehigh Valley — Rudy's brother.

Savage Arms — Caveman technique.

United Corporation — What fat men try to get rid of.

Moon Motor — Only the girl is missing.

Corn Products — Sell at \$5.00 a quart.

American & Foreign Power — What an "All-American" backfield is composed of.

Standard Oil — The old baloney.

National Lead — A two-hundred-pound dame doing the tango.—(Puppet)

"And did you hear her say that she tripped on her skirt and fell?"

"Yeah, she must have been walking on her hands and knees."—(Whirlwind)

"What's the matter with your face?"

"The girl friend cracked a smile."

"You mean she laughed?"

"No. It was my smile."—(Columns)

Frosh: "The moon, the stars, the mountains, the girl — ah, what a combination."

'33 (female): "Good heavens, is that showing again?"—(Froth)

"What is it makes the stalac-tite?"

"I dunno, but the stalag-mite."

(Jack-o-Lantern)

"Gotta drink?"

"Naw, I do it because I like it."—(Pointer)

"We are now passing the most famous brewery in Berlin," explained the guide.

"We are not," replied the American tourist as he hopped off the bus.—(Octopus)

Prof. (taking up quiz paper): "Why quotation marks on this paper?"

Frosh: "Courtesy to the man on my right, Prof."—(Lion)

Judge: "What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer?"

Juryman: "Insanity."

Judge: "What, the whole twelve of you?"

(Purple Parrot)

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

Outfits for Winter Sport

*Send for "A Wardrobe for
WINTER SPORT"*

BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT **PALM BEACH**



One good thing about kilts — they don't get baggy at the knee.—(The Puppet)

A little girl, left in charge of her tiny brother, called out: "Mother, won't you please speak to baby? He's sitting on the fly-paper, and there are flies waiting to get on."—(Belle Hop)

Sam: "Dat doctah sure am a funny man"

Bo: "How come?"

Sam: "Made me swallah two cartridges filled wif powder, and then tell me I shouldn't smoke. As IF I would!"—(Stone Mill)

Heir: "Do you like romantic old ruins?"

Heiress: "If they'd only stop asking to marry me."—(Grinnell Malteaser)

Drawing Prof.: "Have you finished making your map?"

Certain Party: "No, dear, I can't find my compact."—(Log)

Tom: "What would you do if some young salesman waited on you while you were buying teddies?"

Lucille: "I think I would have a fit."—(Claw)

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 MANHATTAN SHIRTS

The Birth Control League has announced its
 new slogan: "No Kidding."—(Chicago Phoenix)

a futuristic femme
 had a futuristic flare—
 to please her everything must have
 a futuristic air—
 the apollo of her dreams
 was the handsomest of beaux
 the only thing against him was,
 he never would propose.
 he kept her waiting, waiting; so
 she changed her characteristic:
 she said, "you'll have to speak some day—
 don't be so futuristic."
 (Randolph-Macon Woman's College Old Maid)

They call her "Streamlined". She doesn't offer
 much resistance.—(Cornell Widow)

Father: Necessity, my dear boy, is the mother
 of invention."

Dear Boy: "Oh, I see. But who was the father?"

Father: "Why he was—er—er, oh, yes; he is
 Pat. Pending."—(Boston Beanpot)

Lines To A Certain Maiden

O lovely one with captivating grace,
 Unequalled form, and sweet bewitching face,
 Pale, slender hands and snowy, swan-like throat,
 No man can view your loveliness, and note
 Your matchless beauty without giving chase.

And yet . . . oh why, ah why (although you stun
 And dazzle all of them), is there not one
 Who feels it worth his while to win his quest
 When victory impends? Have you not guessed?
 You stupid, when they **chase**, why don't you **run**?
 (Chaparral)

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Bethlehem, Penna.

College is just like a washing-machine; you get out of it just what you put in—but you'd never recognize it.—(Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern)

Heman: "Where do you live, sweetie?"

Flapperette: "Down by the river, big boy. Drop in some day."

(Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket)

I may not have a little fairy in my home, nor a little miss in my motor, but I have a little made in my cellar.—(Sniper)

Stage Hand (to manager): "Shall I lower the curtain, sir? One of the living statues has the hiccups."—(Blue Gator)

Morris G. Snyder

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ALLENTOWN, PENNA.

"Porter!"

"Yes, madam, what is it you wish?"

"I just found two strange men in my apartment, and I want you to put one of them out."

(Lyre)

A small boy strolled into a New Mexico drug-store and said to the clerk:

"Give me a nickel's worth of asafetida."

The proprietor wrapped it up and passed it over.

"Charge it," said the boy.

"What name?" queried the druggist.

"Hunnyfunkle."

"Take it for nothing," reported the languid druggist. "I wouldn't write asafetida and Hunnyfunkle for no nickel."—(Bisson)

The
Bethlehem Globe
 Times

A REAL
 HOME
 NEWSPAPER

Sweet Young Thing: "Have a cigarette?"

Elderly Lady: "What! Smoke a cigarette!
 Why, I'd rather kiss the first man that came
 along!"

Sweet Young Thing: "So would I. But have
 a cigarette while you are waiting."

(Pitt Panther)

THE MEALEY AUDITORIUM
 ALLENTOWN, PA.

—
 DANCING EVERY
 Tuesday - Thursday - Saturday

"Say, eight ball, did yo' all heered dat Rabad-
 uminus Washington wuz 'sent up'?"

"Why, man, dat's nuthin'; so wuz mah
 brudder."

"How come, Ethiopian? How come?"

"Well, he done crawled in a dawk log after a
 striped kitty, an', man, he wuz shoah scent up."

(Kansas Sour Owl)

"Is this the Weather Bureau?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How about a shower to-night?"

"It's all right with me. Take it if you need it."

(Stone Mill)

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Saturday Night Dances - Rainbow Room

E. D. FOWLER, Manager

Hepzibah: "There are no insane asylums in
 Arabia."

Angleina: "Why?"

Hepzibah: "There are nomad people in that
 country."—(Flamingo)

Pessimistic Poet: "Is the editor in?"

Office Boy: "No."

Pessimistic Poet: "Well, just throw this poem in the waste-paper basket for him, will you?"
(Passing Show)

After the guy who is the life of the party passes out, everyone begins to have a good time.

(Life)

Aide-de-Camp (riding up hastily to a Mexican general): "Sir, all our artillery has just been captured!"

Mexican General: "Hm, that is too bad, but fortunately it has not been paid for."—(Lampoon)

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WASHINGTON
Woodward Building opposite Shoreham Hotel
NEW HAVEN
Hotel Taft
CAMBRIDGE
Abbott Building

"What did you notice most in Hawaii?"

"The grass."—(Pitt Panther)

And as the collegian puts it: "For God, for country, and for sale."—(Sun Dial)

When in Paris, do as you like.
(Illinois Siren)

"Women are all alike."
"Yeah, each one's different."
(Reserve Red Cat)

"But I tell you, central, she is no party, so I want my nickel back."—(Voo Doo)

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WE PRINT THE LEHIGH BURR

Let us talk it over for that next

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Quinlin Printing Co.

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The man paced up and down before the closed door. He clenched his hands and bit his lips.

"Don't worry, old man," said the doctor jokingly, "we've never lost a father yet."

"Triplets," said the nurse, putting her head around the door.

And thereupon they lost the first father.

—(Stanford Chaparral)

"Where was the wedding tonight?"

"Ha, ha! the joke's on you; that old man with the gun was going duck-hunting."—(Frivol)

Campus Crises

The football star swallows his water.

(Columbia Jester)

Judge: "You are sentenced to hang by the neck until dead."

Prisoner: "Judge, you're stringing me."

(Northwestern Purple Parrot)

He: "One more touchdown and the bungalow's ours."—(Columbia Jester)

Algy: "Cheerio, Abe old thing, are you feeling chipper this morning?"

Abe: "Dunt be smot. I ain't chip, I'm economical."—(Columbia Jester)

We will now have time for the lovely ballad, entitled, "Even Though You're Everybody's Sweetheart, I Love You Like Nobody's Business."

(Washington Columns)

"I'm a self-made man."

"That relieves some one of an unpleasant responsibility."—(Harvard Lampoon)

Our New Bed-Time Tale

Sigma Chi (on 'phone): "How are you this evening?"

Pi Phi: "All right—but lonely."

S. C.: "Good and lonely?"

P. P.: "No, just lonely."

S. C.: "I'll be right over."—(Minn. Ski-U-Mah)

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Prof: "Didn't I flunk this theme last year?"

Earnest Pupil: "Yes, sir."

Sap: "Then why hand it in again?"

Little Lad: "But you've had more experience now, sir."—(Skiamma)

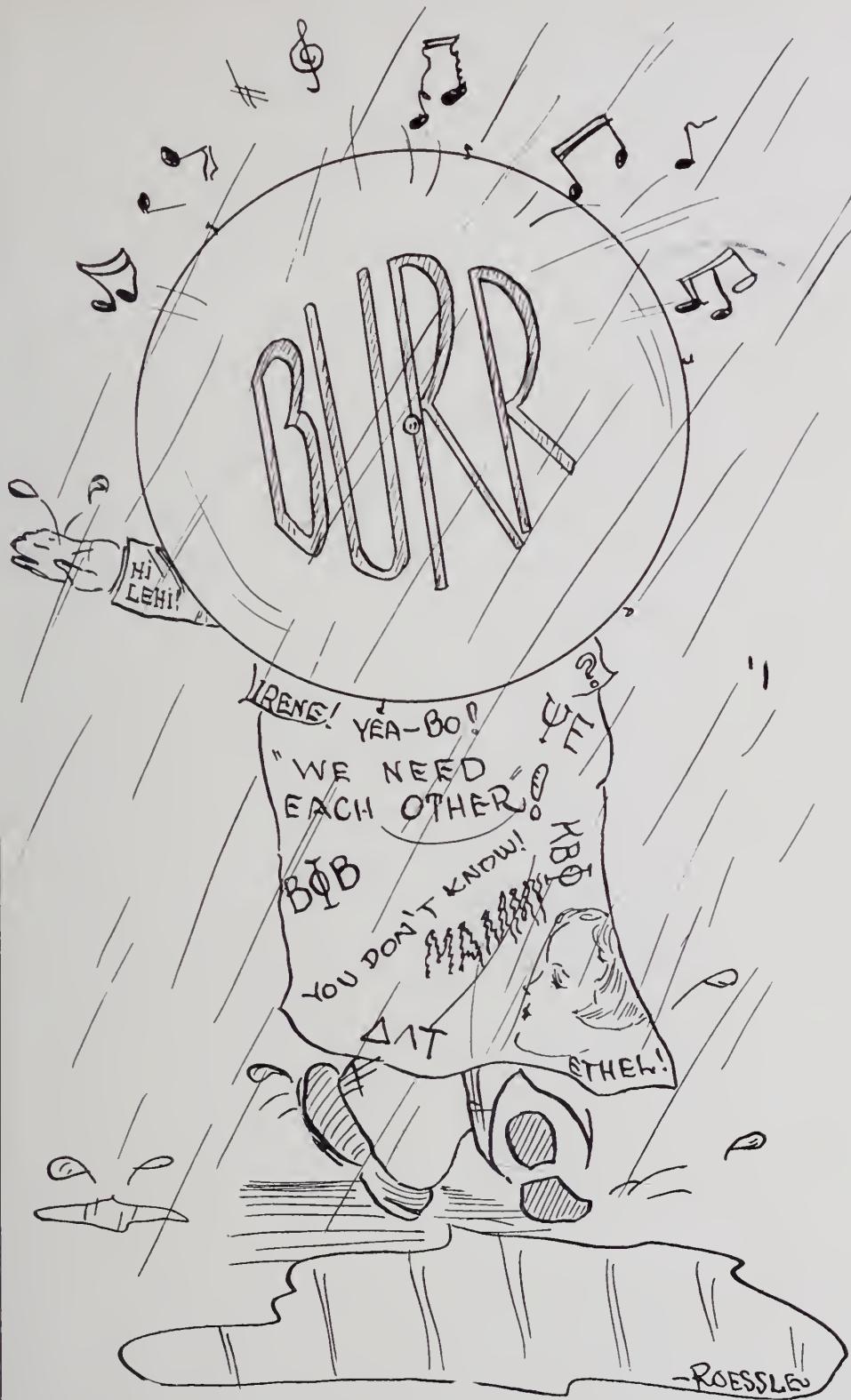
Anybody can play bridge, but it takes a cannibal to throw up a hand.—(Cajoler)

"Heavy date you had last night. Have a good time?"

"Rotten."

"Whatsamat?"

"Did you ever enjoy a book with the last chapter cut out?"—(The Sour Owl)



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